



Soldier and Marine

SOLDIER and MARINE

No. 12

10¢



comics

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

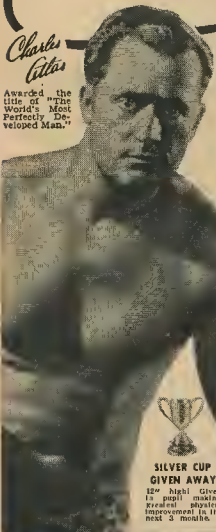




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vice-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

t h a t
sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION!**" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE AND VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

ARE YOU

skinny, weak and run down?

Always tired?

Nervous?

Lacking in confidence?

Constipated?

Suffering from bad breath?

Fat and Rabby?

Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my **FREE BOOK**

FREE

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for every fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325L, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—I. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 325L

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in the Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address..... State.....

City.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

SOLDIER AND MARINE COMICS

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"OPERATION PETTICOAT"

A SHOW TROUPE
FROM THE STATES!
YIPPEEE!

IF IT AIN'T MY OLD
BUBBLE-DANCER GAL
FRIEND, FANNY HERTZ
FROM LITTLE FALLS!



ARRIVING BACK AT REST CAMP AFTER WEEKS OF BITTER FIGHTING, EVERY BATTLE-WEARY GYRENE SEEMS ASSURED OF A FEW DAYS OF EASY LIVING. BUT NOT PFC JAMES "SPIKE" DOWDY, NOT PFC BATTINGSLEY "BAT" BENTLEY. WHERE THE WAR HAS STOPPED FOR OTHERS, THEIR PRIVATE ONE BEGINS WHEN THEY STEP INTO **OPERATION PETTICOAT!**

YOUR GIRL
FRIEND! I
KNEW FANNY
YEARS BEFORE
YOU COULD TALK
—WHICH WASN'T
SO LONG AGO
AT THAT!

STAY OUTTA
M'WAY, BAT!
I'M WARNIN'
YUH! SOON'S
I GET
CLEANED UP
SHE'S WIND-
ING UP ON
MY ARM

IN THE BARRACKS WITH THEIR FRESH UNIFORMS AND SHOES READY TO BE DONNED, SPIKE AND BAT STRIP OFF THEIR MUDDY CLOTHES AND START FOR THE SHOWERS.

LATER...

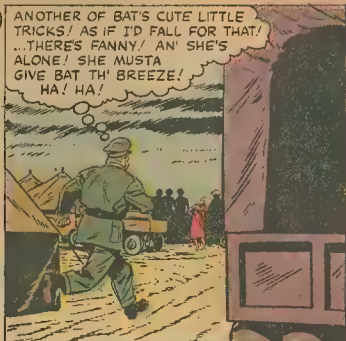
WHO
DONE
THIS?

SEE YOU LATER,
SPIKE. I'LL GIVE
FANNY YOUR LOVE AND
TELL HER YOU WERE
TOO TIED UP TO
SEE HER!

A FEW KNOTS IN
SPIKE'S SHOE
STRINGS SHOULD
TRIP UP HIS
DATE JUST
RIGHT!



SOLDIER AND MARINE



SOLDIER AND MARINE

ONE OF OUR AGENTS BACK OF THE ENEMY LINES HAS SENT WORD THAT HE HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY WOUNDED. HE HAS VALUABLE INFORMATION CONCERNING THE ENEMY! WE MUST GET THIS INFORMATION AND TIME IS VITAL!



YOU TWO MEN ARE EXPERIENCED IN THIS SORT OF OPERATION. IF ANYBODY CAN GET THERE AND BACK-- YOU CAN. BUT I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THIS IS AN EXTREMELY DANGEROUS MISSION AND YOU ARE QUITE AT LIBERTY NOT TO VOLUNTEER.

I'LL GO SIR!

SO WILL I!

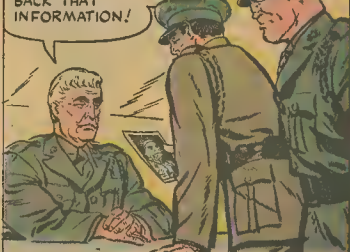


GOOD! NOW LISTEN. HERE IS A PHOTO OF THE AGENT, HE IS AN OLD MAN. MEMORIZE HIS FACE. HE IS HIDING IN A ROOM UNDER THE GOLDEN DRAGON TEMPLE WEST OF SUICIDE HILL.

YESSIR. I KNOW WHERE IT IS, SIR.



ALL RIGHT. A PLANE IS WAITING. YOU'LL HAVE TO PARACHUTE BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES... NOW SHOVE OFF AND BRING BACK THAT INFORMATION!



Δ FEW HOURS LATER, AFTER DARKNESS HAS COME...

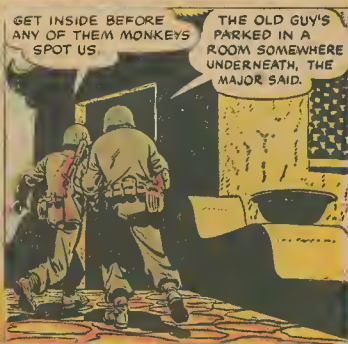
SHOVE YOUR CARCASS OUT IF YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR NERVE, SPIKE. THERE'S THE JUMP SIGNAL!



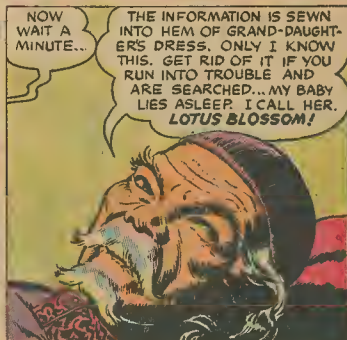
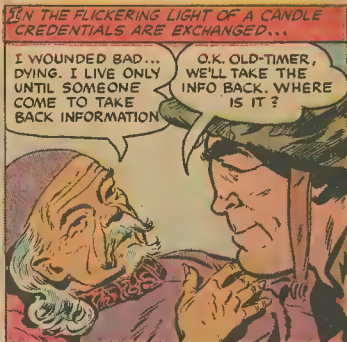
BOTH MARINES LAND SAFELY WELL BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES...



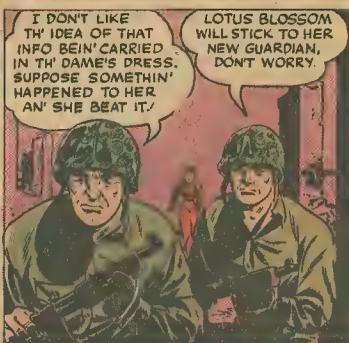
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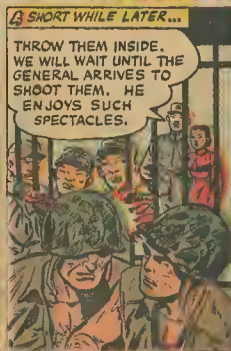
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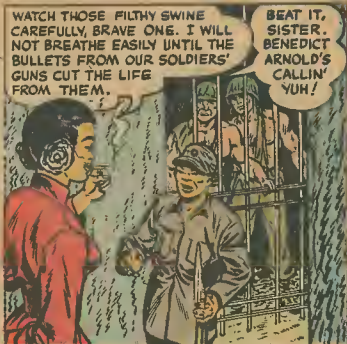
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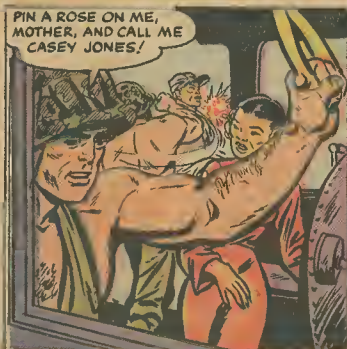
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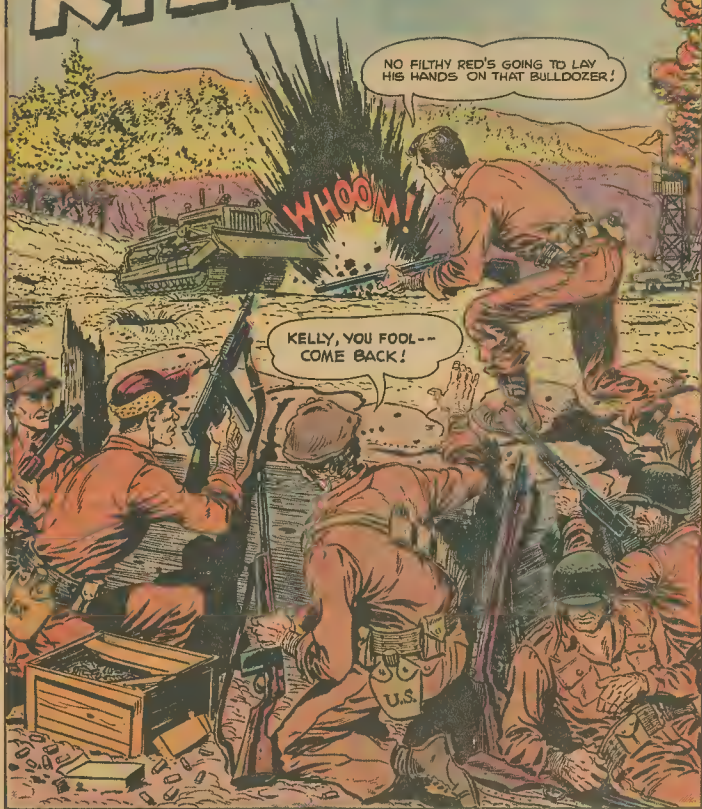
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TO THE OTHER FLY-HAPPY JET PILOTS OF THE ELEVENTH SQUADRON THE DIESEL CATERPILLAR TRACTOR WAS JUST AN EARTH-BOUND HUNK OF UNLOVELY IRON, BUT IN THE HANDS OF KELLY, THE KID WHO LOVED IT, IT WAS A

KILLER CAT



SOLDIER AND MARINE

ON A WAR SOMETIMES IT'S THE WAITING THAT GETS YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE!

AND THE DEADLIEST WAIT OF ALL IS THE HDPE-SINKING WAIT FOR AN OVERDUE BUDDY!

WE HAD PLENTY OF THOSE WAITS AT THAT ADVANCED AIRSTRIP NEAR THE 38TH PARALLEL!

CLEM WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME WHEN WE STRAFED THE RED AMMO TRAIN AT CHORWON, MAJOR McDERMOTT! I DIDN'T NOTICE HIM GONE UNTIL KAESONG!

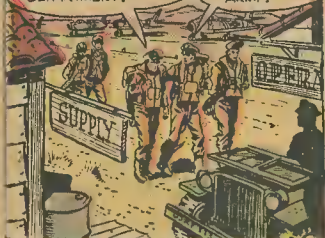
OVER KAESONG WE RAN INTO VERY HEAVY FLAK!



IT'S NO USE KIDDING OURSELVES; CLEM'S HAD IT!

CLEM'S WIFE JUST HAD A BABY! WHO'S GOING TO WRITE HER BEFORE SHE GETS THAT TELEGRAM FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT?

THAT'S MY JOB, PETRUCCI — THE HARDEST, DIRTIEST JOB IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!



IT WAS THEN THAT WE FIRST SAW THE NEW ARRIVAL, A FRESH-FACED KID WHO LOOKED AS IF HE'D JUST STEPPED FROM THE RANKS OF A HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION CLASS!

MAJOR McDERMOTT? SECOND LIEUTENANT KELLY REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!

SO HELP ME, THEY'RE SENDING US BABIES NOW!



SURE, LIEUTENANT, H.Q.'S TURNING YOUR OLD BIDDIES OUT TO PASTURE!

ALL RIGHT, FORGET IT! KELLY, YOU'LL BE GROUNDED FOR ABOUT TEN DAYS. WE WON'T HAVE A REPLACEMENT PLANE FOR YOU UNTIL THEN!

GROUNDED? BUT... BUT, SIR...



I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, JUNIOR! YOU DON'T GET OLD IN THIS RACKET! YOU DON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH!



THE GUY'S A REGULAR EAGER BEAVER! RELAX, JUNIOR, AND SMELL THE SWEET FLOWERS! YOU'LL LIVE LONGER!

FERDINAND WAS AFRAID TO FIGHT, TOO; WASN'T HE, LIEUTENANT?

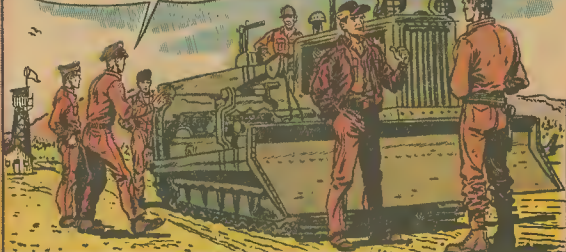


SOLDIER AND MARINE

WHAT STARTED PETRUCCI AND THE KID OUT WRONG? MAYBE THEIR DIFFERENCES WOULD HAVE DIED A NATURAL DEATH THOUGH, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE CAT! IT ARRIVED A FEW DAYS LATER TO EXPAND THE FIELD! THE KID TOOK ONE BUG-EYED LOOK, AND...

JUST LIKE MY PAYS! MAN, I USED TO MAKE THESE THINGS CROON. CAN I DRIVE IT SOME TIME, MISTER? I'M CRAZY ABOUT CATS!

HE'S CRAZY, PERIOD! HOW CAN ANYONE GO FOR A NOISY JUNK HEAP LIKE THAT?



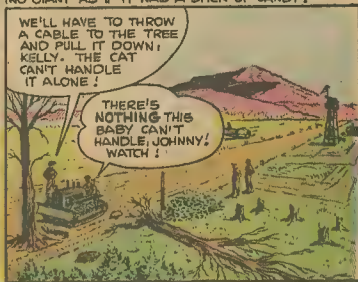
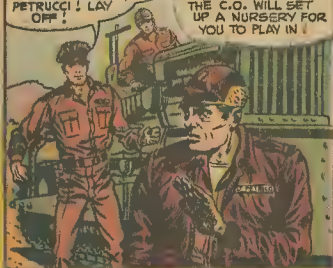
IT DOESN'T MAKE HALF AS MUCH NOISE AS YOUR MOUTH, PETRUCCI! LAY OFF!

THAT GOES WITH ME, KID. HAVE FUN WITH YOUR TOYS. MAYBE THE C.O. WILL SET UP A NURSERY FOR YOU TO PLAY IN!

FROM THEN ON, THE KID SPENT HIS TIME WITH THE CAT! HE WAS GOOD, TOO! HE HANDLED THE GROWLING GIANT AS IF IT WAS A STICK OF CANDY!

WE'LL HAVE TO THROW A CABLE TO THE TREE AND PULL IT DOWN, KELLY. THE CAT CAN'T HANDLE IT ALONE!

THERE'S NOTHING THIS BABY CAN'T HANDLE, JOHNNY! WATCH!



THROOOMMM

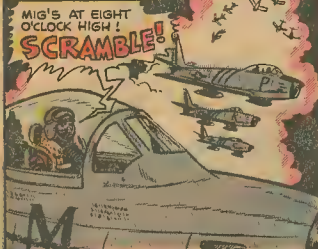
CRACK!

KELLY, YOU'RE THE HOTTEST CAT-MAN I EVER SAW!



SOLDIER AND MARINE

KELLY WAS HOT WITH THAT CAT ALL RIGHT! BUT HE ALMOST GOOFED OFF ON HIS FIRST MISSION! WE WERE RETURNING FROM A RAID ON WONSON.....



MAJOR, WHAT'S WRONG WITH KELLY?

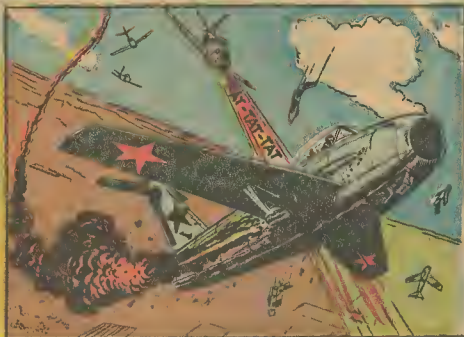
I DUNNO! HE MUST HAVE HEARD ME!



KELLY, WAKE UP! YOU'VE GOT A MIG ON YOUR TAIL!

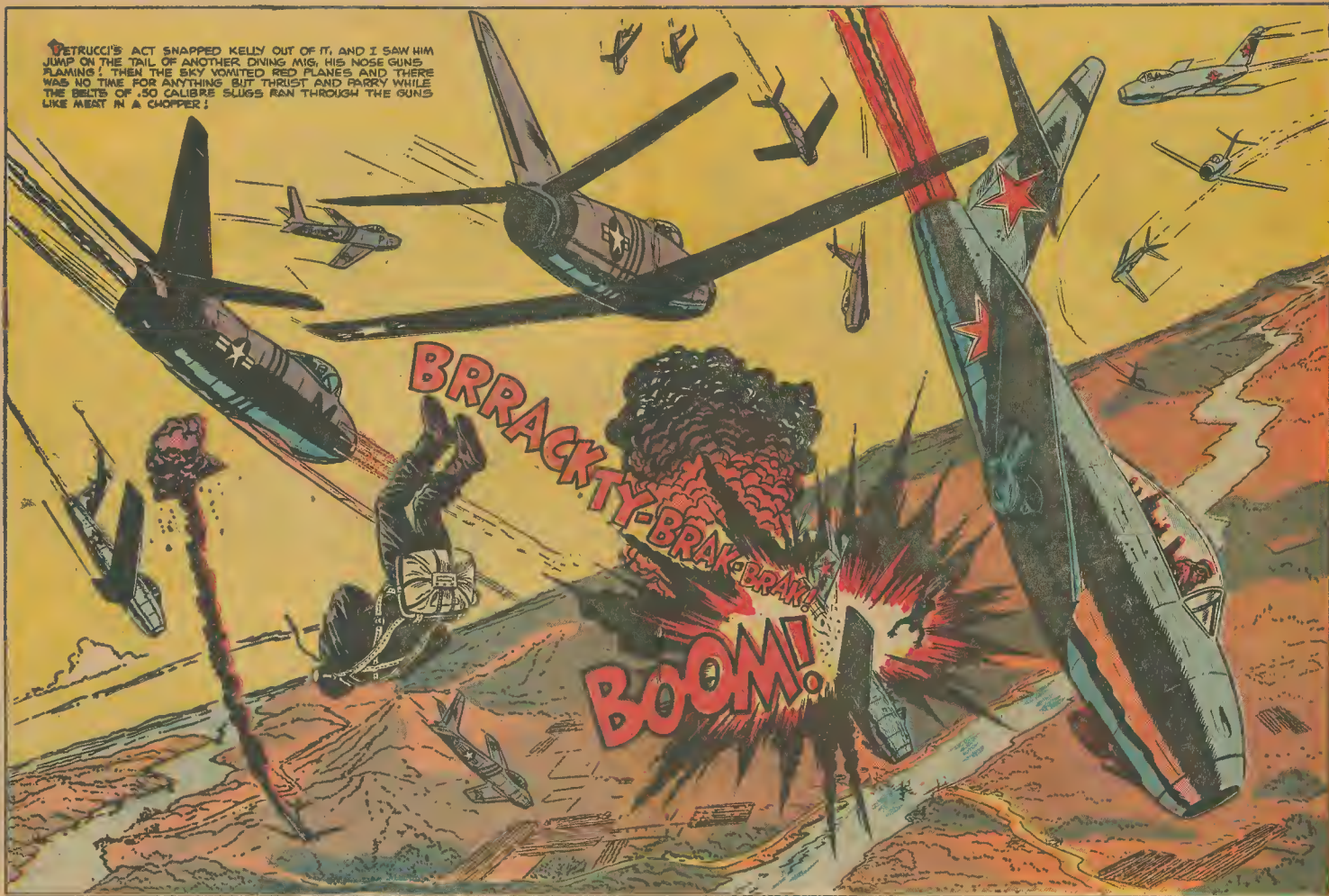


PETRUCCI! HELP HIM! I'M ALL TIED UP!



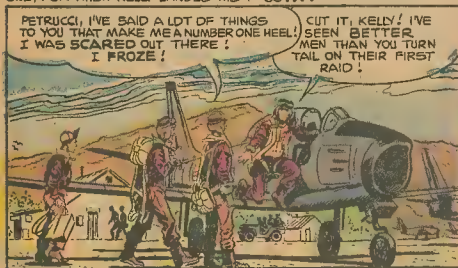
SOLDIER AND MARINE

PETRUCCI'S ACT SNAPPED KELLY OUT OF IT, AND I SAW HIM JUMP ON THE TAIL OF ANOTHER DIVING MIG, HIS NOSE GUNS FLAMING! THEN THE SKY VOMITED RED PLANES AND THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ANYTHING BUT THRUST AND PARRY WHILE THE BELTS OF .50 CALIBRE SLUGS RAN THROUGH THE GUNS LIKE MEAT IN A CHOPPER!



SOLDIER AND MARINE

AFTER FOUR OF THE MIG'S HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES, THE REST HIGHTAILED NORTH FOR THEIR HEALTH! THE SQUADRON RETURNED TO BASE! WE HADN'T LOST A MAN! IN FACT, WE'D GAINED ONE, FOR WHEN KELLY LANDED HIS F-86....

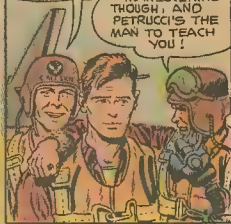


PETRUCCI, I'VE SAID A LOT OF THINGS TO YOU THAT MAKE ME A NUMBER ONE HEEL! I WAS SCARED OUT THERE! I FROZE!

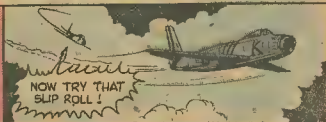
CUT IT, KELLY! I'VE SEEN BETTER MEN THAN YOU TURN TAIL ON THEIR FIRST RAID!

SURE, KID! THEN FIGHT LIKE DEVILS ON THEIR NEXT! IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME! YOU'RE OKAY!

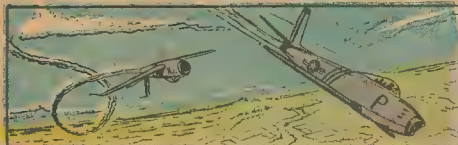
CALESKIE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, KELLY! YOU COULD USE SOME LESSONS IN MANEUVERING THOUGH, AND PETRUCCI'S THE MAN TO TEACH YOU!



THE TWO WERE FRIENDS AFTER THAT, AND PETRUCCI TAUGHT THE KID EVERY TRICK HE KNEW!



NOW TRY THAT SLIP ROLL!



BETWEEN MISSIONS AND PETRUCCI'S INSTRUCTION SESSIONS, KELLY HAD NO TIME FOR THE CAT, BUT THERE'D BE A LONGING LOOK IN HIS EYES WHEN HE'D HEAR ITS MOTOR! THEN, THE REDS LAUNCHED AN OFFENSIVE, AND IN OPERATIONS A FEW DAYS LATER---

THIS AIRFIELD IS IMPORTANT TO THE REDS! IF CAPTURED, IT WOULD PROVIDE AN ADVANCE BASE FOR THEIR OWN PLANES! RED TROOPS ARE ON THEIR WAY HERE NOW, AND H.Q. SAYS THEY CAN'T SPARE US REINFORCEMENTS!



WE'LL HOLD THIS FIELD OURSELVES! WE'LL FIGHT IN THE AIR, ON THE GROUND, IN THE BUILDINGS, AND IF THEY DESTROY THE FIELD, WE'LL FIGHT IN ITS RUINS!

SOLDIER AND MARINE

THE C.O. SENT A RECON PLANE OUT THE NEXT MORNING.

IT REPORTED A THOUSAND RED TROOPS, HEADING SOUTH THROUGH THE TIMBER.

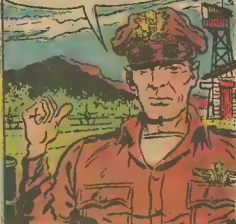
WE COULDN'T HIT THEM FROM THE AIR BECAUSE OF THE HEAVY COVER, BUT THE MAJOR FIGURED ANOTHER WAY!

WE'LL SPACE THE PLANES IN A CIRCLE AROUND THE BASE WITH ENGINES RUNNING. A LITTLE THROTTLE AND LEFT OR RIGHT BRAKE WILL SWING THE GUNS EITHER WAY!

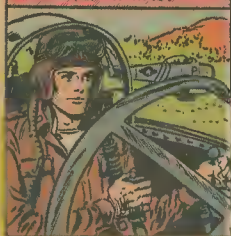
BY GOLLY! EACH MAN WILL BE LIKE A SIX-WAY MACHINE GUN NEST!



EXACTLY! NOW GET THOSE PLANES MOVED INTO THE CIRCLE! WE'LL MOVE THE .50 CALIBRE AMMO OUT OF THE SUPPLY DUMP AND DISTRIBUTE IT AMONG THE PLANES!



WE WORKED LIKE DOGS THAT DAY AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, SETTING UP THE PLANES, LUGGING AMMUNITION, SAND-BAGGING THE CONTROL TOWER. WHEN DAWN BROKE WE WERE READY---AND WAITING!



MAJOR? THIS IS THE TOWER! THE REDS ARE HERE AND THEY'RE GETTING READY TO CLOBBER US!

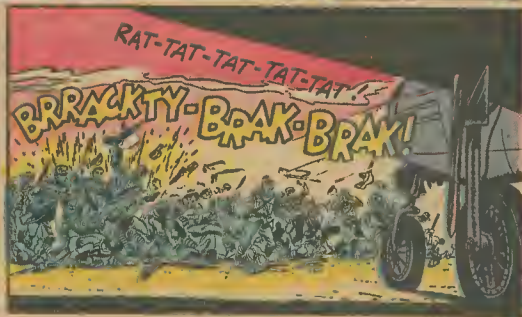


ALL RIGHT, MEN
----FIRE!

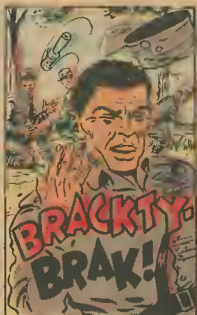


A DOZEN THUMBS PRESSED A DOZEN GUN-CONTROL BUTTONS, AND SEVENTY-TWO NOSE GUNS SPAT A SINGLE, WITHERING BREATH!

ON THAT FIRST SOLID HAIL OF HOT, SCREAMING LEAD, DEATH REAPED A LAVISH HARVEST AMONG THE CHARGING REDS!



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ALL DAY LONG THEY CAME, WHIPPING THEMSELVES UP TO SUICIDAL CHARGES! AGAIN AND AGAIN WE RELOADED OUR SMOKING GUNS TO CUT THE FRENZIED REDS DOWN LIKE RIPE WHEAT, FLING THEM UP IN ROWS! BUT STILL THEY CAME, UNTIL THE GUNS TURNED RED AND THE VERY AIR REEKED OF DEATH!

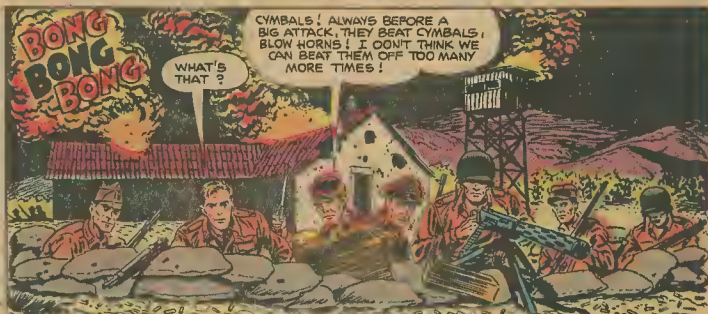
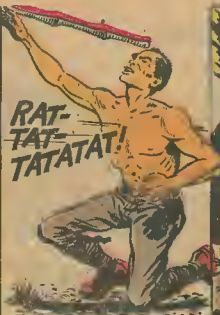
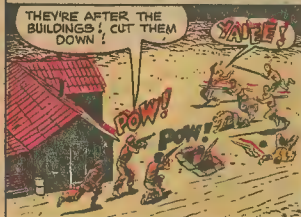


WITH OUR .50 CALIBRE AMMO GONE, WE WITHDREW FROM THE PLANES UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS AND DUG IN BEHIND OUR SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE! WE WAITED THERE, WATCHING RED GRENADES TURN OUR SHIPS INTO BLOSSOMING FLOWERS OF CONSUMING FLAME!



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A RED SUICIDE SQUAD, CARRYING HOLLOW SECTIONS OF BAMBOO FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES, HAD SNEAKED UP ON OUR REAR! NOW THAT WE'D RACED AROUND FROM OUR DUGOUT, THEY ROSE AS ONE MAN AND CHARGED STRAIGHT INTO THE FLAMING MUZZLES OF OUR GUNS!

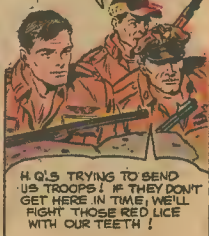


THEY ATTACKED AND AGAIN AND AGAIN WE DROVE THEM BACK! BUT AGAIN THEY CAME! OUR EYES STUNG FROM THE ACID FUMES OF THE BURNING CORDITE!

OUR SHOULDERS ACHED FROM THE THRUSTING RECOIL OF OUR HAMMERING GUNS! YET STILL THEY CAME!



NOT MUCH AMMO LEFT! WE'LL BE DOWN TO USING CLUBBED RIFLE BUTTS AND BAYONETS BY MORNING, MAJOR!



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WE HELD OUR OWN UNTIL MORNING, BUT WE HAD HARDLY A THOUSAND ROUNDS OF AMMO LEFT BETWEEN US!

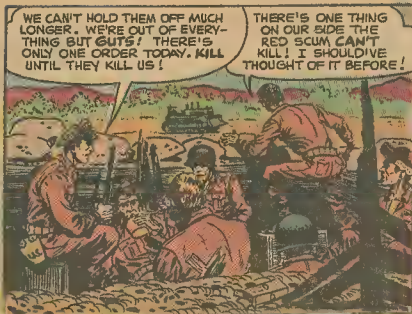
THE REDS HAD DUG IN DURING THE NIGHT AND BROUGHT UP MORE MACHINE GUNS!

WE CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF MUCH LONGER. WE'RE OUT OF EVERYTHING BUT GUTS! THERE'S ONLY ONE ORDER TODAY. KILL UNTIL THEY KILL US!

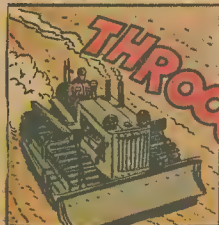
THERE'S ONE THING ON OUR SIDE THE RED SCUM CAN'T KILL! I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE!

KELLY, HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? COME BACK!

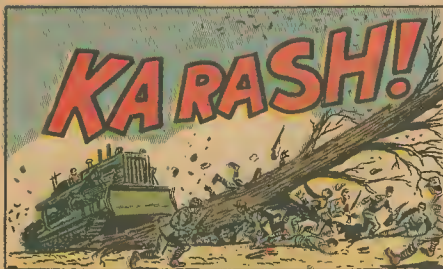
NOTHING CAN BRING THAT KID BACK NOW! NOTHING! WE'VE GOT TO COVER HIM!



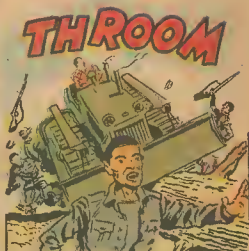
THE KID RACED FOR THE BIG CAT AND KICKED ITS MOTOR INTO EAR-SHATTERING LIFE!



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THE CAT BECAME A THRASHING, ROARING DEALER IN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION; AND KELLY, ASTRIDE THE THROBBING GIANT, WAS ITS MASTER!



WELL, THAT WRAPPED IT UP! THE FIELD WAS SAVED AND WHEN THE REINFORCEMENTS MOVED UP WE HELD IT AND THREW THE REDS BACK FARTHER!

WE'LL KEEP THROWING THEM BACK, TOO, AS LONG AS KIDS LIKE KELLY ARE DOING THE THROWING!

SEARCH FOR DR. SENN!

COLONEL PRIVETT and the two Korean peasants stood by the big helicopter on the airfield at Seoul. The Colonel said:

"According to our information, gentlemen, Dr. Senn, after breaking with the Peiping regime, secretly enlisted with their so-called 'volunteer' forces, intending to surrender to our forces at the proper time. He is, at present, as far as we know, in Kungsang, seventy miles north of the 38th Parallel—and so far he has been unable to escape. Your mission will be to find him and stay with him until our paratroop attack on Kungsang, which is scheduled to begin in six hours; is successfully concluded. Any questions, Lieutenant Haven?"

The Korean peasant next to him saluted.

"Yes, sir. You told us Dr. Senn carries scientific information of great value. Suppose he is unable to convey it to us in written form? What do we do then?"

The other peasant saluted, smiling whimsically.

"That's why I volunteered for the mission, Haven," he said with a French accent. The Colonel glanced at Briquet and chuckled.

"Captain Briquet is a specialist in the same branch of science Dr. Senn represents. If the information cannot be conveyed in written form, it will have to be conveyed verbally through Captain Briquet. Besides, the Captain speaks fluent Chinese—and Kungsang is occupied by Chinese 'volunteer' forces." He paused grimly and then continued, "The important thing, gentlemen, is to find Dr. Senn and keep him out of danger until Kungsang is safely occupied."

United States Army Lieutenant Brick Haven and Captain Henri Briquet of the French Army tightened the parachute belts round their Korean peasant rags.

"You first, *mon ami*," Briquet said, smiling, indicating the open helicopter porte. An instant later, the huge whirling blades had lifted the machine into the cloudy Korean night.

The seventy miles between Seoul and Kungsang were covered quickly. The pilot looked suddenly at his watch, thrust open the porte.

"Zero on the button, boys. Jump!" he said.

They jumped. The descent was bumpy, ended by a rough fall through a clump of trees.

"*Sacre bleu!*" Briquet said, picking himself up painfully.

"If that means the same as '*Holy Hannah*,' I agree," Bill Haven said.

The two men quickly looking in their chutes, hid them in a clump of brush. Haven looked at his watch.

"We haven't much time left," he said. "It'll be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"*Oui*," Briquet replied, "except for one thing. We can eliminate the possibility that Dr. Senn is out of uniform. A Korean who caught a Chinese unarmed would slit his throat! Therefore, he must still be among the Chinese soldiers in the village of Kungsang!"

"Garrisoned by only a hundred men!" Haven said sarcastically. "One out of a hundred! Well, let's go!" He glanced at his compass and began walking northeast. Briquet followed.

"*Halt!*" a voice barked suddenly in Chinese.

"Huh?" Haven asked, surprised.

Briquet paused, tensing himself. He sent a query in Chinese ahead toward the looming figure of the 'volunteer' soldier.

"Get him!" Briquet said suddenly. Haven leaped!

The Chinese sentry met him with bayonet levelled, grinning with hate. Haven ducked fast. He caught the rifle barrel in his hand and threw his weight on it. The soldier went down. Haven wrenched away the rifle and whirled it aloft. When it came down there was a thud.

"Excellent, *mon ami*," The French captain observed.

"By the way, what did you ask him?" Haven said as they trudged forward.

"Oh, just if he were Dr. Senn," Briquet remarked. "He might have been, you know."

Presently they came to a small hut. Then another. A minute later they stood in the shade of trees on the edge of the square of the village of Kungsang.

"Soldiers," Briquet whispered, pointing to a crowd in the middle of the square.

"And Korean peasants," Haven said. "What the devil..."

"They are having a requisition of grain," Briquet announced. "The Chinese commander is demanding what remains of the peasants' grain." He paused, listening carefully. "The peasants don't like the idea."

U.S. MARINES Behind Enemy Lines!

MONTY HALL WHO HAS COVERED THE TERRAIN BELOW THE HARD WAY—ON FOOT—HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO FLY WITH DEVIL-MAY-CARE PILOT JOSH POST AND REPORT ON ANYTHING HE MIGHT OBSERVE BEFORE THE GREAT PUSH IS STARTED TO WIN BACK A RECENTLY LOST AREA.

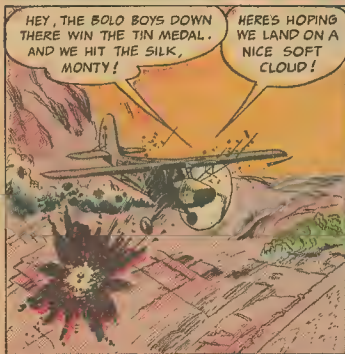


JOSH, THAT ACK-ACK FIRE ISN'T SKY LARKING! HOW ABOUT BENDING THE THROTTLE AND MAKING MORE WITH THE SPEED!

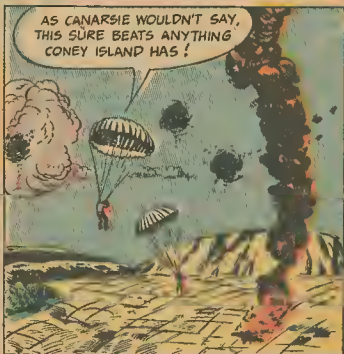
IT AIN'T NOTHIN' MONTY. DON'T COMPARE TO THE MILK RUN OVER GERMANY. YOU KNOW, DAYLIGHT BOMBIN'. THAT WAS ACK-ACK!

HEY, THE BOLO BOYS DOWN THERE WIN THE TIN MEDAL. AND WE HIT THE SILK, MONTY!

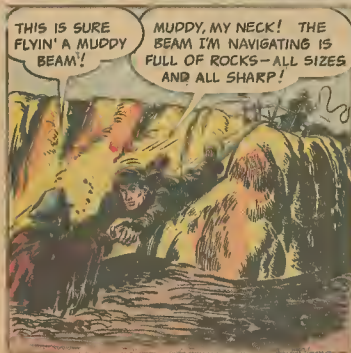
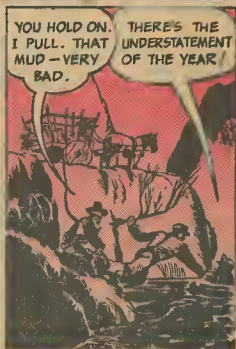
HERE'S HOPING WE LAND ON A NICE SOFT CLOUD!



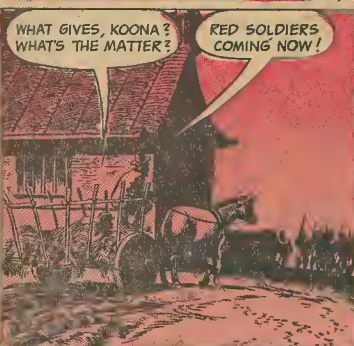
AS CANARSIE WOULDN'T SAY, THIS SURE BEATS ANYTHING CONEY ISLAND HAS!



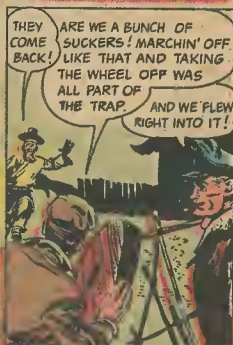
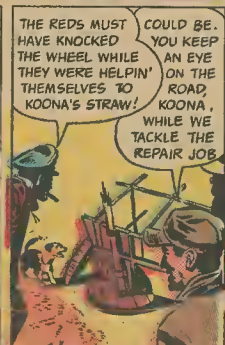
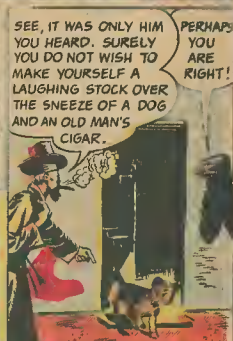
SOLDIER AND MARINE



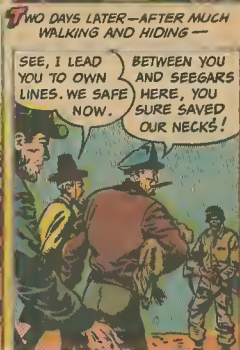
SOLDIER AND MARINE



SOLDIER AND MARINE



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SOLDIER AND MARINE



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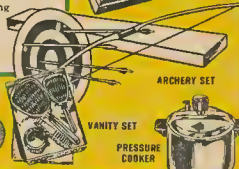
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